



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

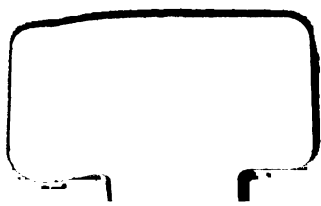
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





NBI
Thoms







THE
—
S Y L P H,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

—
"Mine is the lay that lightly floats."
—

16

PHILADELPHIA:
CAREY, LEA, & CAREY,—CHESNUT STREET.

—
1828.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
39783B

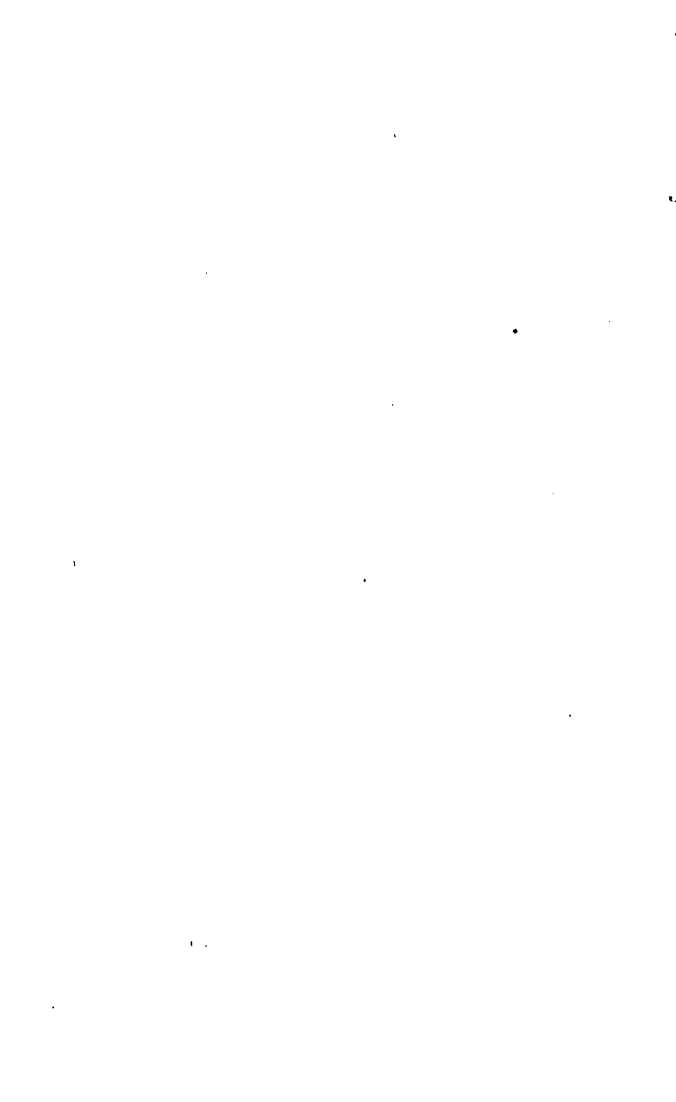
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
E 1990 L

TO
NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Esq.

THE FOLLOWING PAGES
ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY
THE AUTHOR.

WQ R 19 FEB 66



P R E F A C E.

THE following trifles are the production of a few leisure moments gleaned from the daily routine of less imaginative pursuits;—pursuits which have little to do with the flights of fancy, or the day-dreams of romance. Thus hastily thrown together, they make no boast of their merits, and are offered with deference to the public attention.

The larger poem in the collection may possibly be objected to for want of plot and incident; but when it is explained that its purpose was merely the illustration of some of the most interesting situations and feelings in life, and the delineation of a few of the more striking objects of natural scenery, perhaps the asperity of criticism may in some degree be softened. In consequence of certain suggestions that have been made to me, it may not be improper in this place to observe, that the mere narration of the means to which my hero is made to resort for the attainment of his liberty, is not to be considered as an assumption of responsibility for the propriety of the action. I have endeavoured to describe human nature as it probably would, not as it ought to, act in such a situation. Serious doubts may be en-

tertained whether there are any circumstances by which a similar commission would be fully justified, and it certainly was not by those in which the Spanish lover is supposed to have been placed. I venture these remarks, which perhaps may appear unnecessary, lest some fastidious reader should infer from the text that I entertained sentiments of an opposite character.

With regard to the smaller productions which follow, I do not know that any observations are properly called for. They have been written at different times, in various situations, and under a diversity of circumstances, and necessarily bring to the recollection of their author the many "moods of mind" in which they were composed. The feelings that prompted them, and the reminiscences which they recall, form, however, no part of the business of the public, to whose praise or censure they are equally amenable, dependant upon their own intrinsic reputation.

CONTENTS.

THE GILPH,	Page 9
A Dream of the Motherless,	45
“ Beautiful Day,”	55
Stanzas, on viewing the Portrait of Lord Byron,	56
Musings,	60
To Mrs. Hemans,	63
On visiting Cohoes Falls,	65
On the death of Jefferson and Adams,	67
Advent of Winter,	68
To my dearest Friend,	71
To the Bank of the United States,	72
To Miss ———,	74
Boyhood,	76
The Land that we live in,	78
The Rainy Day,	80
Sunset Clouds,	83
For an Album,	84
Music,	85
To my Lute,	85
TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE.	
Book I. Ode 1. To Mæcenas,	91
4. To Lucius Sextus,	94
22. To Aristius Fuscus	95

Book I. Ode 24. To Virgil, . . .	97
34. Against the Epicureans,	98
38. To His Boy, . . .	100
Book II. Ode 9. To Titus Valgius,	101
14. To Postumus, . . .	103
16. To Grosphus, . . .	104
Book III. Ode 18. To Faunus, . . .	107
Book IV. Ode 7. To Torquatus, . . .	109

To those kind hearts, who feel the love of man
Buoyant within their bosoms—who are oft
The worshippers of Nature unawares,—
To the star-watchers, and to those who love
Seasons of quiet and of solitude,
These simple lays are humbly dedicate.
A poor, impoverished wreath of by-way flowers,
Unworthy of much notice or concern,
Which yet beneath the smile of their regard,
Nursed into freshened life, awhile may bloom.



THE SYLPH.

**" Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth."**

THE SYLPH.

THERE'S a charm in the moonlight of midsummer nights,

Which is given to no other time of the year;
A charm which the chill of the winter wind
blights,

And which never is found ere the blossoms
appear.

'Tis felt in the quiet that waits on the hours,
When they dance in their garlands of roses
along,

When the slumber that sinks on the night-closing flowers

Is disturbed by no sound but the nightingale's song.

'Tis felt in the balm that is spread on the breeze,
The warm, dewy softness that night only
knows,

And which comes like a whisper of home on
the seas,

And cradles the heart to a pensive repose.

'Tis felt in the far-spreading breath of perfume
 Which the clustering blossoms, though
 sleeping, diffuse,
 As if half the odours that rose from their bloom
 Were the creatures of night, and were born
 of the dews.

'Tis felt in the chiming and murmur of streams,
 In the shadows that sport on the brow of the
 hill—

'Tis felt in the soothing and fanciful dreams
 That come o'er the mind when its passions
 are still.

There's a charm in the moonlight of midsum-
 mer nights,
 Which is given to no other time of the year,
 And which breaks on the soul with a thousand
 delights,
 Like smiles 'mid the sorrows that wait on
 us here.

'Twas such an eve, serenely fair,
 Calm as an infant's dreamless sleep,
 And quiet as if Nature there
 Had bade that earth should silence keep,
 While in her glorious temple, hung
 With stars and garlanded with flowers,
 Man might uplift his voice among
 The praises of superior powers,

And 'neath heaven's canopy of blue
 Breathe from his soul the honour due.

'Twas such an eve, when downwards straying
 From Eden's clear and nightless skies,
 Where founts in harmony are playing,
 And chrystal streams delight the eyes—
 A happy sylph, awhile forsaking
 The bright Elysian groves above,
 Where blessed souls their rest are taking,
 And framing dreams of joy and love,
 Alighted in that beauteous vale
 Where Schuylkill's quiet waters run,
 And, varied with their frequent sail,
 Sparkle before the summer sun,
 Or in the summer moon's soft ray,
 As then, serenely roll away.
 It was a sweet romantic scene,
 Adorned with nature's brightest green,
 Full of those softer charms that lie
 Around the source of ecstasy,
 And cause the heart to gush and swell
 With feelings inexhaustible.—

The sylph beheld the lovely scene,
 But with a sad and tearful mien—
 For there, where wood and water blended,

Even there her earthly course had ended;
 'Twas many a weary year before,
 That she had trod that verdant shore,
 But to her eye, of heavenly ray,
 It seemed a thing of yesterday—
 For time to angel sight appears
 To own no wing, to run no race—
 A moment seems a thousand years,
 A thousand years a moment's space.
 For them there is no lapse, no fall—
 The eternal present swallows all.
 Unnumbered ages may be told,
 And yet a spirit ne'er grows old—
 But—like the beauteous sleeper,* who
 After a century's long rest,
 No less of bloom and beauty knew
 Than when her pillow first was prest,
 But woke from the enchanter's spell
 As lovely as before she fell—
 Embowered beneath the summer skies
 Of its unchanging Paradise,
 Though years and ages roll away,
 A spirit cannot feel decay;
 But in unfading youth lives on,
 Nor ever knows that time has gone—

* See fairy tale of the "Sleeping Beauty."

Bright and enduring, like the flowers
That spring around in Eden's bowers.

Such was the Sylph—and though most blest,
Baptized in glory's dazzling blaze,
Her thought, as here she stood, confessed
Some memory for departed days;
And this it was that passing by
Conveyed a sadness to her eye,
And, calling up her chequered story,
Darkened awhile the sense of glory—
As passing clouds in heaven's expanse,
E'en when the noonday sun is bright,
Before his face their forms advance,
And for a moment dim his light.

Fair Inez was of princely birth,
(Such was the name she bore on earth,)
And shone supreme among the train
That graced the gorgeous Court of Spain.—
Romantic Spain! thy chivalry
Has oft been sung in climes afar,
Till many a lady's laughing eye
Has longed to view thy radiant sky,
Land of the lute and light guitar.—
The light guitar! how oft its note
Beneath fair Inez' window rung,

When on the lake the airy boat

Like arrow through the water sprung,
And one sweet voice of manly tone
Sung strains to Inez not unknown.—

They spoke of love that could not die

Though years might fly and fate might sever,
They told of faith and constancy

That, plighted once, should last for ever.

They breathed of hopes and dreams of pleasure

That lovers—only lovers know,
And challenged earth to bring a treasure

As rich as lovers' eyes can show.

And there would Inez sit delighted,

And listen to the rapturous strain—
She knew the voice that thus invited

The token from her hand again;
And from the lightsome balcony

That 'neath her lofty casement hung,
She gave the well known mute reply,
That uttered to her lover's eye

That which she must deny her tongue;
And thus, though silent as the breeze
That sleeps among the summer trees,

When midnight sits with watchful ear,
By the white kerchief which she threw,
Gonsalo de Alzola knew

The lady of his love was near.—

How sweet it is—how passing sweet,
 When adverse fates the bliss deny
 With those we love most dear to meet,
 To know that those we love are by!
 To see some token—veil or vest—
 Which once around the loved one clung—
 E'en though we may not clasp the breast
 On which we often saw them hung;
 To hear the voice which long has been
 To us a living source of bliss,
 E'en though we may no longer win
 From that soft lip the glowing kiss.—

Thus lingering near her lattice high,
 To catch the faint retreating sound,
 And drinking in the ecstasy
 Which music wakes when night is round,
 Fair Inez sat—and on the water,
 Where moonlight shadowed all the wood,
 She looked with quiet, musing eye—
 When some one entered suddenly,
 And there, before his trembling daughter,
 Ilfonso de Istrado stood.

Sternly he spake—“ This love-sick strain,
 Which 'neath my walls is nightly found,
 To me is like the drenching rain
 That falls on fields already drowned.

I'm weary of it—have a care!

Thou knowest I hate Alzola's race—

And would I have his son my heir?

No! by my knighthood!—then beware,

Nor let me see the dastard's face.

Did not his sire thy grandsire slay?

And thou would'st—oh, take heed, take
heed—

The flame that burns my heart away,

This love of thine but serves to feed.

Much as I prize thee, I had rather

Behold thee perish at my side,

Than have thee thus disgrace thy father

By being this Alzola's bride.

Thy minstrel must be heard no more,

Or if he come"—the closing door,

If further speech Ilfonso made,

No further to her ear conveyed.—

Yet there was threatening in the look

And in the tone with which he parted,

That all her frame like thunder shook,

And to her heart as lightning darted.

She knew her father's wrathful mood,

And well she knew the deadly feud

Between Alzola's house and hers;

But, though her sire, with harsh reproof,

Had spurn'd Gonsalo from his roof,

She ne'er had seen his wrath so high
As then it gleamed in his black eye.
His usual hate was like the light
That blazes steady to the sight—
But now it flourished wild and bright,
As when the wind the beacon stirs.

The next night came, and in the East
Again her shield the huntress reared—
And as her glorious light increased,
Upon the lake the boat appeared—
Gliding along with noiseless oar,
As if it were some ocean sprite,
That from the land of shadows bore
A message to the queen of night—
It seemed as if the watery bed
Scarce felt its touch, so light it sped.
Then came the music from afar,
The tinkle of the soft guitar,
And soon a gentle voice was heard
Amid the chiming of the strings,
Like the sweet tone of summer bird,
When by the murmuring brook he sings.
Now wafted upward to the sky,
In one full burst of song it rose,
Now lost amid the melody
That from each chord's vibration flows—

It seemed the music of a dream—
 And love was still the unchanging theme.
 Nearer it came, and nearer still—
 'Twas echoed round from wood and hill—
 When suddenly the song was o'er,
 And voice and string were heard no more.
 Three years passed by, nor yet again
 Arose that minstrel's soothing strain.—

Fair Inez pined in solitude—

Her lover now no longer nigh,
 Why should she on the world intrude?

What had she for the public eye?—
 Alas! when sorrow wrings the heart,
 The multitude find little part

In that which we deplore;
 Unless it be some kindred soul
 That can partake our poisoned bowl,—
 Inez had such no more.

Alzola was no longer near
 To soothe the sigh or wipe the tear—
 His dreary fate to her unknown,
 She mourned him dead—and mourned alone.
 The frequent tear was in her eye,
 But none beheld it fall;
 If any came 'twas instant dry—
 And though the courtly pageantry,

The masque, the rout, the ball,
 Strove her attention to engage,
 And win her from her lonely cage,
 Poor Inez scorned them all.—
 There was one only charm for her,
 And that the King could not confer.

At length to burst this bond of grief,
 Istrado gave a princely fête,
 And bade, in terms both kind and brief,
 His daughter, to uphold his state,
 As being then his chiefest pride,
 Should at his lordly board preside.
 Poor Inez prayed that he would spare
 Her faded beauty from the glare
 Of those proud chandeliers that hung,
 Burthened with gold and silver bright,
 And round his halls of crimson flung
 A radiance that dispelled the night.
 She prayed that he would let her lie
 In darkness and obscurity—
 Not drag her from her sable veil,
 Among the proud and gay to stand—
 Nor hold her up, a lily pale,
 Among the roses of the land.
 She prayed her sire—but prayed in vain—
 How should he answer it to Spain,

If, when the King had deigned to grace
 His humble walls, and taste his wine,
 His daughter should desert her place,
 And thus the royal smile decline ?
 To sit and mope all night alone,
 It were an insult to the throne.
 She was not well—tut! that was stale—
 A shallow tale it were to tell
 The King; no, no, if she did ail,
 Music and mirth would make her well;
 At least their magic must be tried—
 Her father would not be denied.

'Twas a gorgeous sight when the feast was set,
 When the board was crowned, and the guests
 were met,
 To see the young and the beautiful there,
 All clad in their glittering gossamer;
 There were sable tresses with jewels crowned,
 And chestnut locks in garlands bound,
 And snow-white plumes that flaunted high,
 And vestures rich with embroidery;
 There were dazzling dresses of rainbow dyes,
 And oh! what a lustre of sparkling eyes!
 And when at length the feast was o'er,
 And the dancers were ranged on the painted
 floor,

And each flying foot in motion was set,
 At the sound of the lute and the castanet,
 What a glitter of splendour was round the hall!
 There jewels, and garlands, and gems, and all,
 'Mid the airy throng were fluttering,
 As if thousands of stars had taken wing,
 And were running at random, as once they ran,
 Ere the glorious dance of the spheres began.*

Amid the gay and festive throng,
 The lovely Inez alone was sad;
 She moved in the dance's maze along,
 In the gorgeous dress of her country clad—
 But she heeded not the music's sound,
 Nor the beautiful forms that encompassed her
 round;
 For when from her chamber she came at e'en,
 With the rosy wreath in her hair entwined,
 And decked like a bride for the mirthful scene,
 She left her poor aching heart behind.
 The costly jewels that hung on her breast,
 As if beauty at once to receive and confer,

* I believe I must here beg indulgence for a poetical license, which, if not altogether inadmissible, is perhaps extravagant. It is an enlargement of the idea of chaos before the creation, how far allowable I leave others to judge.

Though the gaze of the crowd that around her
pressed,

Were nothing but wearisome fetters to her.

Exhausted with the dance, she strayed

Into the broad and clear saloon,

Where the cool air of evening played,

And the soft radiance of the moon

Came in, with still and soothing spell,

While a single lamp stood sentinel.

By an open casement she paused to breathe;

The palace gardens lay beneath,

From whence the perfume of summer flowers

Uprose from a long arcade of bowers;

And far as the eye could stretch its sight,

All nature was sleeping in mellow light.

'Twas a scene that might soften the heart of sin,

How unlike to the glare and the noise within !

As the serene and saddened maid

The quiet landscape thus surveyed,

And was about to turn away

To seek again the light and gay,

She heard a whispered voice below,

That said, " Fair Inez, do not go !"

Without she instant cast her eye,

And saw a friar standing by;

A man of grave and solemn mien,

Unfitted for the festal scene.

“Inez,” he said, in stilly talk,

“Come instant to the garden walk;

I have a message for thine ear—

A message others must not hear.

It were not well the crowd should see

My presence here, so follow me.”

He waited not to find reply,

But like a meteor in the sky,

Swift to the garden path he sped;

And she, fair Inez, much amazed,

On the mysterious stranger gazed,

And glided where his footsteps led.

“It sure must be a good intent”—

Thus thought the maid as on she went,

“A holy man, in sacred stole,

Can have no malice to my soul;—

And yet, ’tis strange he comes by night,

Why not approach in mid-day light?

Yet whatsoe’er his errand be,

I’ll e’en unfold its mystery.”

Along the path, with rapid pace,

Right on the mystic stranger flew,

And swiftly onward in the chase

Did lovely Inez still pursue;

Till in the shadow of a wood,

Screened from the sight of mortal eye,

The friar and the maiden stood,
 Beneath that heavenly moonlit sky.
 His cloak and cowl were snatched away,
 And dropp'd the pilgrim staff he bore,
 And the fair moon's benignant ray
 Disclosed Alzola's face once more.

“ Dear Inez ”—thus the lover spoke,
 As from his clasp the maid awoke—
 “ Dear Inez, we must hence away,
 There's danger in each moment's stay;
 Ay, danger—if I'm found in Spain,
 I ne'er shall see the sun again.
 A bark is waiting near the strand,
 To bear me from my native land;
 Thou wilt my fate, my fortune share?—
 I know thou wilt—this fanning air
 Will bear us swiftly off to sea,
 And when betwixt my home and me
 The ocean's briny bar I lay,
 I'll tell thee all;—come, love, away !”

The moon is still serene in heaven,
 Soft as the smile of beauty's sleep,
 And on the bounding bark is driven
 Along the bosom of the deep.
 And Inez from Alzola hears
 The story of his wrongs and tears:—

"Thou know'st," he said, "the lovely night,
 When last upon the slumbering lake
 I launched abroad my shallop light,
 My long-accustomed course to take,
 And startle midnight's silver wing
 With music of the voice and string.
 I had just dropped my dipping oar,
 And roused to life my light guitar,
 Waking the drowsy breeze once more
 With melody from lands afar,
 When darting from the thicket nigh,
 A boat came rushing swiftly by,
 And ere I could regain my oar
 To push mine further from the shore,
 Upon me sprang two muffled men,
 And grasped me in their hold,
 Like lions of the desert, when
 Long hunger makes them bold.
 They dashed my lov'd guitar away,
 Upon the tide to float,
 And laughed in triumph o'er their prey,
 As in their wretched boat
 They bore me swiftly to the land,
 And strongly bound me foot and hand.
 I asked, entreated to be told,
 Why I was thus a captive made;
 I threatened them in language bold,

I begged, I promised, and I prayed;
 But all in vain—they were as mute
 As the most dumb, insensate brute.
 I cursed, I raved, I loudly swore,
 I struggled madly to get free,
 Till nature would support no more,
 And brought insensibility.
 What happened to me, while I lay
 Thus lifeless, nothing now recalls;
 But when I woke again to day,
 I found myself, most sad to say,
 Within the Inquisition's walls.

“ My guards were gone; I sat alone,
 My hands and feet in fetters bound,
 And a dreary cell where the damp drops fell,
 Encompassed me around.
 I had no bed, no food, no light,
 Save through a grating small and high,
 That gave so little to the sight
 It seemed but formed to mock the eye,
 By bringing 'mid that lasting night
 A memory of the sunny sky,
 Which shining down on brook and tree,
 Gave joy and gladness to the free.
 But I was now a captive sad;
 I had no thought to make me glad;

I knew not why my home was made
 Within that dungeon's gloomy shade;
 I knew not—oh, distracting thought!—
 What wrong on Inez might be wrought;
 And then to linger thus away

Whole tedious years of lonely woe,
 To count the minutes of each day,
 And chide their silent, hopeless flow;
 Perhaps to perish there alone,
 With none to hear my dying moan,
 To drop from life thus desolate,
 And not a friend to know my fate—
 Oh! these were thoughts that rack'd my breast
 With feelings not to be expressed,
 And almost craz'd my burning brain.
 Three years rolled o'er, but rolled in vain;
 There rose no planet to mine eye,
 To herald glorious liberty.

What could I do?—my keeper came
 Each morn and night with scanty meal;
 He seldom spake to praise or blame;
 'Twere vain to him to make appeal;
 He had been tyranny's slave too long,
 To listen to the voice of wrong.
 But in his leathern belt he bore
 The key that locked my prison door;
 Nay, all the keys that could unfold

The portals of that gloomy hold,
 As well as those that bound my chain—
 The thought—the thought came o'er my brain—
 Could I resist it? could I throw

The opportunity away,
 And sit in misery and woe,

When freedom's path before me lay?
 Oh, no! the tempter was too strong,
 When thralldom had been mine so long.
 I never yet in human gore

Had stained my hand—'twas not in me
 To take what I could ne'er restore ;

But then I struck for liberty!
 And I was mad for that—for me
 There was but one wish—to be free !

“ When next he came, on some pretence,
 I lured him in with friendly speech,
 And moved me to a station whence

My eager hand his form might reach;
 Yet then my heart almost misgave me,
 And nearly bade me throw away
 The only chance that now could save me,

And give me to the light of day,
 When I beheld the wretch come near
 And trust me, as I were sincere.

But then the thought of freedom came,

And wrought my blood into a flame,
 And on I went, with furious speed,
 To execute the fearful deed.

“As the wild tigress from her den,
 When, press'd by hunger's cravings rude,
 She hears the sound of coming men,
 And her whelps clamour loud for food—
 So, urged by nature's fiercest pang,
 Upon the keeper's throat I sprang,
 And with infuriate frenzy bore
 His trembling carcase to the floor.
 The fetters that my hands enchained,
 Around his haggard neck I wreathed,
 And at their links I fiercely strained,
 Until the wretch no longer breathed.—
 Committed in my utmost need,
 May Heaven forgive the sinful deed!—
 No time was to be lost: I tore
 The keys that in his girdle hung,
 Unlocked the iron bonds I wore,
 And lightly from their pressure sprung.
 'Twas joyous once again to stand,
 And wave a free, unshackled hand.
 I snatched the robes that bound his breast,
 And wrapped them o'er my own,
 And in his monkish garments drest,

I left the cell unknown;
 I fastened my own prison door,
 And sought the open air once more.—

“ ’Tis sweet to see the clear blue sky,
 Bright with the smile of glorious day;
 ’Tis sweet to watch the stars on high
 Trace through the heavens their shining way;
 But who, oh! who, that has not been
 Shut out for years from sun and star,
 Debarred from light, as ’twere a sin,
 Can tell how truly sweet they are?
 I thought my bosom would have burst
 With feelings full of new delight,
 When the sweet face of nature first
 Broke in fresh beauty on my sight—
 ’Twas like a mother’s presence mild
 To a long gone, returning child.
 There was a beauty on the hills
 That I had never seen before,
 A music in the rushing rills,
 I never heard in days of yore;
 Each object that my eye could see
 Seemed gushing o’er with ecstasy.
 And then the joyous hope to meet
 With thee, dear Inez, once again,
 And yet a little trembling, sweet,

Lest hope's fond picture should be vain—
 All added swiftness to my feet,
 And made my rapid steps more fleet;
 Till, with a heart like slumbering fire,
 I reached the palace of thy sire;
 I found thee, Inez; I was blest;
 I need not tell, thou knowest the rest.—
 Farewell, loved Spain! our steps no more
 Shall tread thy wild, romantic shore,
 Which, though to me it has been rife
 With much of sorrow, toil, and strife,
 Is still my loved, my native land;
 Nor can I leave thy mountain strand,
 Till with a parting sigh I tell
 To thy dear cliffs a fond farewell.
 Yet o'er the bosom of the sea
 There is a land of liberty,
 Where freedom's beacon blazes bright
 On each eternal mountain's height;
 And from the wave of each mighty river,
 That flies like a shaft from a warrior's quiver,
 There seems to arise a voiceless cry,
 And the sound that it utters is liberty.
 There, Inez, there will we find a seat,
 Where the storms of life shall cease to beat;
 We'll part with grief and banish care,
 And love alone shall be left us there."—

Days passed, and o'er the ocean blue
 Lightly the bark pursued her way;
Before the breeze she swiftly flew,
 With flag and pennon streaming gay,
Exalting o'er the azure main
The haughty banneret of Spain.
Already hope of land arose,
 And every morn, with eager eye,
His giddy height the seaman chose,
 To watch, if mid the distant sky,
On ocean's verge of misty blue,
Columbia's shore was yet in view.
At length a speck of tiny size
Greeted the sailor's wishful eyes;
'Twas clear before the longing sight,
And each one hailed it with delight,
Clapping, with cheerful shouts, his hand,
In welcome to the distant land.
But ah! how oft what most we hail,
When o'er the sea of life we sail,
As crowned with blessings bright and true,
Proves evil on a nearer view,
And leaves our poor wrecked hearts to sigh
O'er erring nature's fallacy.
That tiny speck, which seemed to wear
Bright promise to each being there,
That little speck, devoid of form,

Was but the herald of a storm—
 A feather from destruction's wing,
 Just wav'd at his awakening,
 Before he spread his plumes on high,
 In raven darkness through the sky.—
 It rose—it rose, in silence dread—
 And ere the rapid word was said
 To strike the close and standing sail,
 There came a blow from the furious gale,
 That made the gallant vessel reel,
 And groan as if every plank could feel.—
 The smile of the lightning gleamed through
 the dark,

And the thunder laughed at the pitiful bark,
 As she bounded on o'er the raging sea,
 Like the down that is swept on the verdant
 lea.—

The spirits that rule when the blast is high
 Went yelling and whistling through the sky,
 And the waves kept up a fearful play,
 As they tossed the ship from their hands away,
 As one would toss a lightsome ball,
 When to youthful sports his comrades call.
 The winds were wild with their frightful glee,
 And went fluttering over the chafing sea,
 Like the bird that flies on invisible wings—
 And they tore her sails in a thousand strings,

And sent them to bind up the surge's white hair,
That tossed like the mane of a war-horse there.
On her side the struggling ship is cast,
And she labours along without a mast;
Her straining timbers groan and creak,
And the waters rush in thro' the gaping leak,
While the hopeless crew but strive in vain,
For she never shall plough the deep again.—
Then came the cry of wild despair,
The fierce, loud shriek, and the muttered prayer,
The manly voice that had lost its tone,
The mother's tears and the maiden's moan,
And the sob of the child that ceased to cry,
In the depth of its innocent agony.
The rage of the tempest roared again,
And the clouds gave forth their torrent of rain,
And the gale that had almost spent its force
Once more broke forth into utterance hoarse,
When the shattered wreck was in sunder riven,
And sunk in the sight of the frowning heaven.

'Twas evening when the ship went down,
But ere another morning rose,
The scene no longer wore a frown,
But looked abroad in calm repose;
The blessed sun awoke, and sailed
In splendour through the summer sky,

As if no cloud had ever veiled
 The glory of his radiant eye.
 The bosom of the emerald sea
 With drops of gold was scattered o'er,
 And the sweet sounds of harmony
 Among its billows breathed once more.
 But still upon its peaceful waves
 Some broken fragments floating lay,
 Like monuments above the graves
 Of those the storm had swept away—
 They perished as the evening fell,
 And who was left their fate to tell?—

Among the hundreds of that crew,
 The eye of dawn could there discover
 But two surviving souls—but two—
 Poor Inez and her faithful lover.
 Bound closely to a shattered spar,
 They gained a respite from the deep,
 And when the morning's winged star*
 Rose to awake the world from sleep,
 The weary maid, o'ercome with anguish,
 And weak with toil, began to languish—
 And though Gonsalo often said,
 "Courage, dear Inez—courage, sweet"—

* Mercury.

Yet soon she drooped her fainting head,
 And ceased his accents to repeat—
 And when the day his wings had spread
 From her the sense of life was fled.—
 Her lov'd companion, almost spent,
 Lost, when she failed, the powerful spring
 To which before his soul was bent,
 And loosed at once the tightened string,
 With which the shaft of hope was sent,
 Though plumed from desperation's wing.—
 He gave one glance to the clear blue sky,
 And closed to the light his hazy eye.—

Thus floating for awhile they lay,
 Till at length a vessel appeared,—
 With hersnow-white sails and her streamers gay
 Right onward her course she steered—
 And threw up the spray from her noble prow,
 Like the mist that sits on the mountain's brow.
 She took up the waif of the last night's wreck,
 And laid them safe on her spacious deck,
 And many kind hands were busy there,
 And hearts that were full of benevolent care,
 If haply, to requite their pain,
 They might waken the spark of life again.
 Long, long they toiled, and their labour was
 blest—

And again there rose in each chilly breast
 The regular beat of the warming blood;
 And when Inez awoke from that death-like
 trance,
 And upward cast her inquiring glance,
 The first anxious face her dim eye saw
 Was one that filled her with feelings of awe—
 'Twas her father that over her pillow stood.

It needs not now my verse should tell
 The frequent strife that there befel
 Betwixt the lover and the sire,
 When taunts had roused each soul to ire.
 Their wrath could not the billows stay,
 The ship flew onward to the land,
 And after many a weary day
 They reached at length Columbia's strand.
 'Twas sweet at last to tread once more
 Upon the gay and verdant shore.—
 Brief were the words the Spaniard said,
 As his settled purpose he thus pourtrayed;
 "Here, Don Gonsalo, here we part—
 I ventured on the main,
 To win from thy seductive art,
 The daughter of my home and heart;
 I have not toiled in vain—
 My purpose gained, to-morrow's sun

Beholds me seek my native shore—
 I stay not when my errand's done—
 Adieu, and may we meet no more.”—

“ But Inez goes not ? ” —

“ Ay, she goes—
 What ! would you then her flight oppose !—
 Presumptuous boy ! when thou hast ta'en
 The brightest gem that ever shone
 Within the princely halls of Spain,
 May I not come and take mine own ? ”

“ That gem was yours—it is no longer—
 For though the rite is yet unsaid
 Whereby the church's benison
 Is shed upon the service done,
 There is a tie that binds us stronger,
 And by that we have long been wed.
 And therefore though you thus deny
 The honourable suit, my pride
 Bids me at once your power defy;
 I claim your daughter as my bride.”—
 And as he spake, he gently drew
 The arm her father held away,
 But ere his will the act could do
 Its pressure on his own to lay,

Istrado's poignard to his heart
 Gave forth the stern command to part,
 And like the conqueror of old,
 Cut what it never could unfold—
 A single sigh told life was o'er—
 And Don Gonsalo breathed no more!—

Upon the pile his wrath had raz'd
 One moment the proud father gaz'd,
 Then cried—"Away—come, Inez!"
"No!"

The maid replied, "no more I go
 Among the sunny hills of Spain
 To show the grief I fain would hide—
 For thou my chiefest good hast slain,
 And I have nothing left beside;
 Nay, I will stay amid the wild—
 For I am now no more thy child.—
 Yet still thou art my sire—then fly
 And hide thee from the vengeful eye
 Of justice; go, thy country calls—
 Seek refuge in thy native halls;
 There let repentance cleanse thy sin,
 And make thy bosom calm within—
 May Heaven forgive the offences past
 And take thee to its rest at last."—

The thought of punishment awoke
The wretched father while she spoke
To the remembrance of the few

Brief moments left for needful flight,
And, like the summer's morning dew,
He vanished from his daughter's sight—
And left her to pour her sorrows over
The bloody corse of her murdered lover.

They made his grave in the forest shade,
Where the sunbeams thro' the foliage played,
By Schuylkill's murmuring tide—
And when a few years were past and gone,
That were given to peace and heaven alone—
When the waters of mercy had wash'd away
The darkening stains of her youthful day—
When her brightest thoughts were raised above,
And her heart was tuned to a holy love,
Fair Inez—still beautiful even in blight—
Breathed out her soul, like the hush of night,
And slept by her lover's side.—

O ! there's nought on earth—the Sylph began,
 As away she flew through the moonlight air,
 And spread abroad to their widest span
 Her beautiful wings, so bright and fair—

There's nought on earth that can ever vie
 With the glories that dwell in the fields of
 bliss,
 Where the beauties that feast an angel's eye
 Are never dreamed in a world like this.—

'Tis sweet after absence, again to see
 The scenes where youthful joys were known;
 'Tis sweet to gather from hours of glee
 The twilight they leave when their sunshine
 is flown.

'Tis sweet when the heart's best hopes are given
 To rise in strength, like the breezy main—
 But who, that has tasted the raptures of heaven,
 Would make his home on the earth again?

There's not a breath of Elysian skies
 But bears delight to the ransomed soul—
 And the odorous founts, that in melody rise,
 Spread bliss wherever their waters roll.

The beautiful groves of eternal green
Have pleasure in every leaf they stir,
And the soft repose that pervades the scene
Is such as no slumber can ever confer.

And love, that on earth is often crossed,
Till it scarce from its burden of sorrow can
rise,
Love—that still lives on when its hopes are lost,
Has its purest home in the peaceful skies.—

O! there's nothing below like the flowers that
spring
Where summer has one unvaried reign,—
There's nothing below that can stay my wing,
So I'll back to the bowers of Eden again.

POEMS.

A DREAM OF THE MOTHERLESS.

The following verses were written at the request of an amiable young friend since deceased, to some circumstances of whose life they have a reference.

SLEEP has its Paradise of dreams—
An Eden of unearthly bloom,
Where oft we catch ecstatic gleams
Of forms that tenant now the tomb—
Loved ones whom death has snatched away,
In the young morning of their day—
Friends, o'er whose fall we still complain,
And drink of Lethe's flood in vain—
Bright spirits, whom in youth we met,
And knew and loved but to regret,
With many a train of those, who gay,
And light and blithesome, dropped away,
Just shining, like the star of love,
The horizon's dusky verge above,
And like her, as they brighter grew,
Sinking serenely from the view.—
'Tis precious—precious thus to meet
Those whom the grave has long enthralled,

And hold again communion sweet
 With minds that cannot be recalled.
 I may not speak the rapturous rush
 Of joy that comes upon my soul—
 The awe—the tenderness—the gush
 Of heart too potent for control—
 The thousand thoughts which those, who mourn
 Departed friends, in anguish wed—
 When, to the land of shadows borne,
 I meet the distant and the dead—
 When, nature's mantle o'er me cast,
 And closed to light my weary eyes,
 Sleep lifts the curtain of the past,
 And shows me her deep mysteries.—

Faint with the studies of the night,
 Sad from the classic page I turned,
 And watched the pale and flickering light,
 Where my spent taper dimly burned.
 It rose—it sunk—as though in strife
 Darkness and light were there contending,
 Even like the scenes of human life,
 Where mingled good and ill are blending;
 It rose—it sunk—and left my room,
 Like my own thoughts, enwrapped in gloom.
 I tottered to a vacant chair,
 To catch a breath of cooling air,

And from my open casement, I
 Looked forth upon the midnight sky,
 Where the moon, shining clear and bright,
 Filled the broad heaven with pensive light.
 I gazed upon the prospect bland,
 My head reclining on my hand,
 And felt my throbbing temple beat
 With rapid pulse and fevered heat;
 Sad thoughts came o'er me—and a sigh

Struggled for freedom in my breast,
 As something whispered I must die

And seek ere long my final rest.—
 To die!—I shuddered but to *think*

Of leaving all I loved below,
 And started from the appalling brink

'Neath which oblivion's waters flow—
 But the sweet scene that lay before me
 Soon shed its kindest influence o'er me,
 Bade the internal tempest cease,
 And led my spirit back to peace.

I saw all nature passive sleep

As God appointed—calm and still—
 And thence I read a lesson deep

Of resignation to his will.

And as I turned my tearful eye
 Upon the soft and radiant sky,
 And thought of all the round of woe
 It was my part to tread below,

And of the thousand joys that wait
 On the freed soul's angelic state,
 I almost thought that I could spring
 With rapture on a parting wing.
 For who is there, whose eager cup
 Has ever stirred life's sparkling fount,
 And dipped the gall and wormwood up,
 That would not wish from earth to mount,
 And has not in his spirit said,
 "How truly blessed are the dead!"—

The world was hushed—a slumber deep
 Had sunk upon the human race—
 And many an eye that waked to weep
 Was closed from grief a little space—
 And thousand aching hearts again
 Enjoyed a short release from pain.
 Oh! blessed night—that bring'st repose
 To those whose day-light hours are drear,
 And darkened by a cloud of woes,
 Such as o'ershades our being here—
 Soother of care and misery,
 How much the wretched owe to thee,—
 When stooping with intent to bless,
 Thy hand sleep's dewy mantle flings,
 And mortal's learn forgetfulness
 Beneath the shadow of thy wings.—

Sweet night!—the reign of peace and love,
 Of balmy thought and dewy shower—
 It seemed as though the stars above
 Drank in the spirit of the hour,
 And each assumed the sober mood
 Of silence and of solitude.
 Around me all was bright and still,
 No sound the waveless quiet broke,
 Save when in tones distinct and shrill
 The distant bell its warning spoke,
 Or, gently passing through the trees,
 Some drowsy zephyr wandered by—
 As though mid night's solemnities,
 No being woke on earth but I.
 And yet I almost fancied there
 Was music on the sleeping air—
 A heavenly harmony, that came
 From beings of ethereal frame,
 Who, clothed in robes of radiant light,
 Did here their snowy wings unfold
 From forms too glorious and too bright
 For mortal vision to behold.—
 And thus I thought, though sad and lone,
 My sorrows were not quite unknown,
 For haply then above my head
 Hovered the long regretted dead,
 Some whom I loved when life was new,

And mourned, while yet my years were few.
 Words will not paint the feelings sweet
 That cheered me through this fond deceit;
 But while their blessed sway I felt,
 I found my heart within me melt,
 And thoughts that long in silence slept,
 Came o'er my spirit, and I wept.—
 All—all my darker passions fled
 Before these thoughts—as darkness goes
 Before the sun—and in their stead,
 The feelings of my boyhood rose,
 And brought in brightness to my mind
 Things to oblivion long consigned,
 Till parted friends and moments stood
 Before me vividly renewed.—

I sought my couch, and gently fell
 Upon my lids sleep's dewy wand;
 And, led by her delusive spell,
 I entered Fancy's magic land.
 My waking thoughts were with me still,
 And mingled strangely with the scene,
 As oft they brought their shades to fill
 The breaks that slumber left between.
 Our dreams are always something wild—
 It seemed I were again a child,
 A happy child that knew no pain,

My little heart all love and joy—
I felt it was a bliss again
To be a gay and happy boy,
Unharassed by the cares and fears
That mingle with maturer years.
I stood within my father's home,
But some were absent from my gaze—
I wondered why they did not come
To greet me as in former days;
When near me I beheld a form,
O'er whom long years their snows had shed,
Come midst the blast of age's storm,
An humble suppliant for bread.
I looked upon his state, and sighed—
I felt my heart within me swell,
When an opposing portal wide
Sprang open, as by magic spell,
And suddenly before me stood
A being not of flesh and blood;
One, who for many long, long years
Had been the object of my tears;
Whose body long in dust had lain
At rest beneath the verdant sod,
Whose soul we trust to meet again
In the pure Paradise of God.
I knew that she was now no more
A wanderer on this barren shore,

But that her dwelling was afar,
 Beyond the smallest, twinkling star,
 In some of those bright isles that lie
 Amid thy waves, Eternity!—
 But as I looked upon her face
 Benignant now with heavenly grace,
 And found an awe about me stealing,
 Blended with calm and holy feeling,
 I knew her love was bright and strong
 For those whom she had left so long,
 And, spite of all that death could chill,
 I felt she was my mother still.—

My mother!—By that little word
 How many a painful thought is stirred—
 How many a thought, which midst its pain,
 When parted, we recall again,
 And fondly cherish in the heart,
 Unmindful of its former smart.
 But yet it brings some thoughts of bliss—
 The look of love—the ardent kiss—
 The song of peace that wandered light
 Above my infant couch at night,
 In melody's serenest numbers,
 To charm me into gentle slumbers—
 The tenderness—the frolic play
 That made me happy through the day—

These, and a thousand thoughts like these,
 Come o'er me, as Arabia's breeze,
 When from her spicy bowers it springs,
 And bears perfume upon its wings.—

My mother!—'tis a magic sound,
 That conjures up before the view
 Things that in early life we found
 As sweet and bright as morning dew;
 Things that we love again to spy
 With retrospection's sober eye,
 Which lead us back to all the pleasure
 A mother's love could then devise,
 And teach us now to guard a treasure
 Which childhood knew not how to prize.
 For me a mother's love is o'er—
 A mother's love is mine no more,
 Unless, indeed, that love I wed
 Among the cold and silent dead;
 But if, as holy men surmise,
 Love is the language of the skies,
 My mother's spirit still may keep
 A kindly vigil o'er my sleep,
 And with a joy, serene and mild,
 Smile on her loving, sorrowing child.—

Such in the vision of the night
 She stood before my mental eye,

Clothed in an angel's robe of light,
To do an angel's ministry.
Before the aged man she spread
The alms his voice had coveted,
And turned her radiant look on me,
Bright with the glow of charity.
She placed her hand upon my head,
And smiled, as though she would have said,
"A mother's love, my boy, is thine."—
Oh! 'twas a feeling most divine,
Even in a dream to know her by,
As I had used in infancy.—
A thrill of joy throughout my frame
I felt in glowing tremours creep,
And starting from the rapturous flame,
I burst the fairy bands of sleep.
The beauteous bubble quickly broke,
Even as the rainbow disappears—
When to my sorrows I awoke,
And found my pillow wet with tears.

BEAUTIFUL day ! with thy beaming eye,
 And thy golden veil, and thy locks of light,
 How bright thou glarest along the sky;
 But the proudest ray of thy noon must fly,
 And set in night.

Fragrant flowers that grace the morn,
 And spread around you a perfumed shade,
 Your hues and odours seem only born
 With beauty and sweets our path to adorn,—
 But ye must fade.

Green leaves that cover the lofty tree,
 How ye dance and play when the zephyrs
 call !
 Ye are blithe when spring is on the lea,—
 But autumn is coming to stop your glee,
 And ye must fall.

Sweet tones of melody, how ye raise
 The care-worn soul to thoughts of peace !—
 But the voice that sings and the hand that plays
 Will soon be weary and quit their lays—
 And the notes will cease.

The brightest bliss which the heart can engage
 Is lost at last in the breath of a sigh—

Frailty is stamped upon every stage
 Of human life, from youth to age—
 And man must die!

But the spirit is still, from its cell withdrawn,
 An immortal essence—an unquenched ray—
 Though the day, and the flowers, and leaves
 are gone,
 And music has ceased, yet the soul lives on,
 And lives for aye!—



STANZAS

ON VIEWING THE PORTRAIT OF LORD BYRON.

There's majesty and beauty in that face,
 A speaking spirit in that radiant eye—
 In all those lineaments a noble grace,
 Which seems to say such were not born to
 die.
 In fame's bright course he soared supremely
 high,
 On wings that dared the boldest, loftiest
 flight—
 But fate, before the morn of youth went by,

Had sunk a heart, which should have been
 most light,
 Into the deepest shade of desolation's night. —

Unhappy ! such has been the common lot
 Of those on whom the curse of genius fell;
 While thousands who but live to be forgot
 Have few desires and fewer sorrows tell—
 Dull, apathetic souls, whose narrow cell
 Of mind has little room for grief or joy—
 Whose hearts for others' woes can seldom swell,
 Whom others' pleasures rarely can employ—
 Whom good and ill alike but triflingly annoy.

The heart of sensibility has woes,
 And deep ones too, to suffer—but its gain
 Is in the exquisite happiness it knows,
 When heaven-bright visions flash upon the
 brain—

Feelings of ecstasy to which all pain
 Bows subject and submissive—thoughts that
 rise

Like music's breezy whisper on the main,
 And bring the mounting soul into the eyes,
 From those deep flowing streams where silent-
 ly it lies. —

Such were thy musings, bard of the bright lyre!
 And such the workings of thy lofty soul—
 Thy spirit burned with a consuming fire
 That neither would be quenched nor brook
 control;
 It hasted onward toward the mighty goal
 Of its own ardent longings, drinking down
 From fortune's blighting hand the poisoned
 bowl,
 In which she sought thy energies to drown,
 Which bore thee unsubdued, unchecked, to
 high renown.

A wild and an erratic course was thine—
 Strange fancies sometimes tempted thee to
 stray
 From the strict boundary of virtue's line,
 Led on by stormy passions, which the sway
 Of calm reflection seldom knew to stay;
 I do not deal damnation on thy head—
 I know the weakness of thy nature lay
 In following by-ways which too many tread,
 But few or none perhaps by such fierce feel-
 ings led.

Yet I could well have wished thy noble name
 Had owned more spotless purity—I well

Could have desired the brightness of thy fame
 Had not been dimmed by fancies dark and fell;
 For often have I felt my bosom swell
 With rapture 'neath thy spirit-stirring tone,
 And many a tale this thrilling heart could tell
 Of the soft melting sadness it has known,
 When thou hast touched a chord congenial
 with its own.—

Thine was a power which like the ocean deep
 Would overwhelming o'er the spirit roll—
 In oae wild gush would teach the eye to weep,
 And rush into the chambers of the soul!—
 Few, few have more intensely known the
 whole
 Deep energy of feeling—the full flow
 Of madd'ning thoughts—those things beyond
 control,
 Which in thy heated bosom rioted so,
 That thy wrought heart was wild with pas-
 sion's fevered glow.

That heart is cold now; far from thy own land,
 'Neath stranger skies, thy lute's last notes
 were heard—
 And there was magic in them to command—
 Like the deep warblings of that noble bird,

Whose sweetest music by death's hand is stirred.
red.

Peace be upon thee, bard of the bright lyre!
Years shall roll o'er thy grave—but none shall
gird

That harp upon him—round its golden wire
Mosses shall cling, where none to wake it more
aspire.

MUSINGS.

Yes! human life is but a troubled sea,
On which our little barks are rudely thrown,
Tost by the storms of care and misery,
To genial winds and smooth waves seldom
known—
Exposed to ills where'er our course may be—
And so with sorrows bound, as in a zone,
That but for some few things which bid me stay,
I could be well content to pass away.

The dread of death will make us much endure—
The fear to fathom the unknown profound—
E'en though it promises to prove a cure
For all the maladies which here surround;

The thought of what may follow breaks the lure
 That would invite the wretched to the ground,
 Paints the cold grave in gloom's most sable hue,
 And bids him still his weary path pursue.

Besides, for me there are some hearts below,
 From whom I would not covet yet to part,
 Who are like nectar in the cup of woe—
 A consolation to the drooping heart;
 These bind me to the world—I feel it so—
 Yet not by any shrewd and subtle art
 Of human dealing, but that close knit tie
 Which can the storms of time and change defy.

These are but few—few hearts of kindred
 mould—

The stream of friendship must compactly run,
 And in a narrow channel—if it rolled

O'er all within its sphere, the parching sun
 Of show would soon its shallowness unfold—

The man of many friends has often none—
 Divided love is weakened, and that soul
 Has nought for any one, who loves the whole.

There be some beings in this world of care
 Who live on cheerily—for whom the day
 Brings happiness in every balmy air

That round their bower of roses finds its way;
 Joy is their boon companion—such are rare,
 And surely are not tempered of the clay
 Which those are made of, o'er whose fated
 heads
 Her poisoned dews the hand of sorrow sheds.

Each heart its hidden bitterness will know,
 And haply these may have their secret woes,
 Tutoring their faces to a mirthful show
 While their souls labour with o'erwhelming
 throes.

Could we into their bosoms' chambers go,
 We might the gnawing vulture there disclose
 Rending their peace—alas! how few there be,
 That can escape the touch of misery.

Yet were it not for adverse fates we meet,
 The world has many pleasant things to give;
 The varied scenes which Nature spreads are
 sweet,
 And could lend much would make it bliss
 to live;

But as it is, in every joy we greet,
 Alloy is still predominant—we strive
 In vain to find a pure, unmixed delight,
 Where all is withered with a general blight.

Then let the world go on—'tis vain to weep
 For what we cannot alter—it is vain
 To hope for quiet on the stormy deep,
 Or look for pleasure midst a life of pain:
 There may be some fond hopes which, ere the
 sleep
 Of death has come upon us, we would gain;
 But let them pass—when that deep slumber
 falls,
 We'll little reck ambition's loudest calls.



TO MRS. FELICIA HEMANS.

Heaven's own pure ray has lighted up thy
 heart,
 Fair minstrel of the soft and plaintive lyre,
 And shown thee mysteries which no human art
 Of earthly culture ever could inspire.
 Thine is the gift—the glorious gift, to see
 All that is bright and beautiful around—
 To gather lofty thoughts from every tree,
 And hear rich melodies in every sound.
 The whisper of the breezes! these to thee
 Are full of fantasies sublime and grand,
 And every murmur of the dark blue sea

Sends thee an echo from the Muses' land.
 For thee the running brooks have each a song,
 To thee the forests speak a language known,
 The faintest note which music breathes is
 strong,

And thy harp strikes a sympathetic tone.
 The burning stars that shine along the sky,
 Speak to thy spirit with their tongues of fire,
 And lead thee to imaginations high,
 Bright minstrel of the sweet and pensive lyre.
 Yes! the blue sky—the storm—the rolling sea,
 A cloud, the sunrise, starlight and the dew,
 Smiles upon nature's face,—these are to thee
 Alive with fancies beautiful and true.

Things that to other eyes, whose bounded gaze
 Sees nought beyond external beauties shine,
 Afford no pleasure, wrapped in earthly haze,
 Are redolent of ecstasy to thine.—
 The "voice of spring," that speaks from her
 wild flowers,

Has power to reach into thy inmost soul—
 The songs of summer birds from forest bowers
 Fall o'er thy spirit like a shadowing stole.
 Thou read'st the bubbling fountains—voices
 live
 In the wild winds for thee—and thou may'st
 claim

The power which can to "airy nothings give
A local habitation and a name."

Favoured of Heaven! yet destined still to know
Those ills which unprovided genius brings,
Like birds whose music gathers from below
The death-shot doomed to paralyze their
wings.

Yet, though the tempest hurtles wildly by,
And thy frail bark is tossed upon the wave,
Thou still canst own, with faith's unwavering
eye,

A hope in One omnipotent to save.
With such a hope, lift up thy radiant lyre,
Strike with an energy that knows not wrong,
And heaven's bright sun shall gild each quiver-
ing wire,
And spread a widening halo round thy song.

ON VISITING COHOES FALLS.

August 1827.

I stood upon the rushing Mohawk's shore,
And saw the waters fret and foam below,
Dashing among the rocks with angry roar,
Like famished lions, howling when they
grow

Impatient for their prey;—'tis hard to know
 The nature of our feelings—but there spread
 A thrill of ecstasy, a kind of throe,
 Around my bosom, as those waters sped
 With eager haste to reach their deep, unquiet
 bed.

To those who're cribbed in cities it is sweet
 "To catch a breath of unadulterate air,"
 The wildest beauties of the hills to greet,
 And see the blooming face of nature bare—
 To mark the livery which the forests wear,
 To roam the flowery fields unthralled and
 free,

To watch the birds, in colours rich and rare,
 Raising to heaven their song of liberty—
 Such things are rapture's self—at least they
 are to me.

The love of nature is a part of man—
 And who would e'er forego it?—'tis a joy
 To wander through her palaces, and scan
 Their grandeur and their glory—sweet em-
 ploy

To trace those beauties man may not destroy,
 Her mountains and her cataracts—O yes!
 I lov'd thee, Nature, from a very boy,
 And 'tis no cause that I should love thee less,
 If I have known of late so seldom thy caress.

ON THE DEATH OF
JEFFERSON AND ADAMS.

JULY 4, 1826.

They have gone to their rest, full of honours
and years,

Each crowned with his wreath of glory,
Embalmed in the dew of a nation's tears,
And eternized in liberty's story.

They sunk not in gloom and in darkness away,
As it were in the night-time of honour,
But they went on their country's "glorious
day,"

On the day which their labours had won her.

No chariot of fire was ordered out,
Through clouds its pathway wending,
But they rose on the wings of the Jubilee shout,
Which from millions of lips was ascending.

Had they searched through the days, from their
country's prime,
Which fifty long years saw flying,
They could not have chosen a moment of time
So meet for a patriot's dying.

O well from the scenes of earth might they cease,
 And give their names to story,—
 O well might they now depart in peace,
 Having seen their country's glory.

Their end has crowned a race, which was run
 With an ardent and true devotion—
 Like the gorgeous set of a summer day's sun,
 When he sinks in the diamond ocean.

THE ADVENT OF WINTER.

I come, I come from the icy seas,
 Where the bleak winds blow and the salt
 waves freeze,
 Where the sun shines on thro' a long day's light
 And at last gives place to a long, long night—
 Where the wild Aurora brilliantly plays,
 Darting its beautiful lance-like rays;
 Where the white bear sits with his shaggy form,
 And howls to the roar of the beating storm;
 Where never is heard the voice of Spring,
 And seldom the flap of the warbler's wing—
 Where the fruits of the Autumn are few and
 rare,

Afraid to encounter the spirit of air,—
 Where music is mute and song is dumb,—
 From the regions of polar ice I come.

I come, I come—and when I appear
 Vanish the glories that deck the year—
 The verdure of Spring is sear and dead,
 The flowers of Summer have passed and fled—
 The fruits of Autumn are pale and wan—
 One breath from me and their life is gone.
 When I touch the wood with my wand again,
 No—not *one* leaf shall there remain—
 I have no taste for their gaudy shine;
 A simple robe of white is mine,
 With a glittering snow wreath round my brow:
 Nay—'tis a fairer crown, I trow,
 Than all the sparkling gems that are set
 In the haughty monarch's coronet.

I come in gloom, yet I promise joy—
 For I bring to your homestead sweet employ.
 The social hearth with its cheerful blaze,
 The long nights that shelter from bustling days,
 The family tryst and the holiday cheer,
 That enliven the close of the fading year—
 The touch of the harp and the sound of the lute,
 With voices that nature ne'er meant to be mute,

And wit that wakes when it bathes in wine,
With music and mirth and song, are mine.

I come, I come, though ye do not call,
For mine is the fate that comes to all.
Tho' the young may rejoice when youth is by,
And vaunt in their strength—that strength
will fly;
Tho' the spring-tide of life is around them now,
The elastic step and the shining brow,
And the auburn hair that curlingly flows—
Yet the winter of age will bring its snows;
The step will be feeble, its airiness gone,
And the roses of youth will be pallid and wan,
And the brightness fade from the sunken eye,
And the graces of manhood will wither and die.
But there is a scene, as good men teach,
Where the chill of my blighting blast never
can reach ;
Where the virtues and graces that dwelt with
men,
In more perfect beauty shall bloom again—
Where the winter of age shall for ever be o'er,
And the storm of death shall wither no more.

TO MY DEAREST FRIEND.

Why do I love thee!—ask me why
The captive turns his tearful eye
Up to the dim and narrow way,
Where steals the sun's departing ray,
Throwing one moment's light and bloom
Upon his dreary dungeon's gloom.

Why do I love thee!—ask me why
The watcher looks upon the sky,
And hails the first beam of the sun,
That tells his weary vigil done—
And gives once more to sleepless eyes
The cheering view of earth and skies.

Why do I love thee!—ask me why
The deer will to the covert fly,
When, pressed by enemies around,
His only refuge there is found—
And, every other hope dismayed,
He finds a shelter in the shade.—

I am that captive, sad and lone,
Thou art the light around me thrown—
I am that drear and watching one,
Thou art to me the risen sun—

I am the flying, hunted deer,
Thou art the shade that shields from fear.

The faithful friend of every scene,
Or be it stormy or serene—
I would to God I might express
My heart's o'erflowing thankfulness,
And in one rapturous word give way
To what my bosom bursts to say.

May He, whose eye can reach the heart,
And knows thy true and honest part,
Vouchsafe each blessing earth can give,
While on it we, as brothers, live—
And when its transient scenes are o'er,
Unite our souls to part no more.



TO THE

BANK OF THE UNITED STATES.

Temple of Plutus! calmly looking down
In thy majestic beauty, like thy great
And far-famed model of the Athenian town,
Able no more thy pride to emulate ;
Thine is a classic grandeur that may vie
Even with the proud and mighty fanes of old,

Which, lifting up their heads in majesty,
 The awful tale of passing nations told.
 Crowds once trod in their courts as they do
 thine,

Their hearts elate, their footsteps winged
 with care ;

Where are they now ? Oblivion shrieks,—
 “ They’re mine ! ”

All, all are gone, e’en like a breath of air
 Which Summer sends across the rose’s bed
 To drink one perfume ere its life has fled.
 The joys, the cares that filled their little span,
 (Such as have always marked the life of man)
 The hopes that bore them up, the anxious fears,
 The smiles, the woes, the pleasures, and the
 tears,

Which once to them were things of deep con-
 cern,

Have all departed, never to return.

Ah ! of how little moment seem they now—
 Oh ! why should man e’er bend his noble brow,
 And suffer grief to penetrate the heart,
 There deep to rankle and give painful smart,
 When in a few short years this life will be
 But as one drop amid a boundless sea ?—
 Temple of Plutus ! through thy marble halls
 With busy haste the frequent footstep falls ;

The murmur of the crowd is heard around,
 And thy high arches echo to the sound;
 But time will come, when thou too must be still
 As the sad ruin on proud Athens' hill;—
 When all the multitudes that crowd thy door,
 Shall heed the busy sounds of life no more—
 They and the cares that led their days along
 Forgotten as the burden of a song,—
 When even *thou*, with all thy pride, shalt fall,
 And ruin, like a raven, crown thy wall.

TO MISS ———,

IN REMEMBRANCE OF A MUSICAL MEETING.

O! music is the voice of heaven,
 And angels love to tune the lay;
 Then mortals sure may be forgiven,
 If they should bend beneath its sway.

I sat entranced whilst thou wert singing,
 Beneath thy magic spell enchained,
 Forgetful how the hours were winging,
 Forgetful how the night had waned.

I bade adieu to care and sorrow,
 And all their soul-distracting throng,

That then my heart one hour might borrow
Of rapture in the breath of song.

The breath of song! oh! it came stealing
Around me like Arabia's air,
Besieged the citadel of feeling,
And sweetly held me captive there.

Who would not "to the desert flying"
Gladly partake a "tent" with thee,
If such melodious, blissful sighing,
His journey's bright reward should be?—

The hapless wretch, whose moments pass, he
Scarce knows how, yet dregg'd with pain,
If thou wert by, "my bonnie lassie,"
Perchance might hear, and "smile again."

Nay, e'en "the carrier pigeon," straying
On Love's own errand far and wide,
Might stop awhile to list thee playing,
When seated by the "Ingle side."

O! music is the voice of heaven!
And sure, when angels tune the lay,
Poor mortal men may be forgiven,
If they *should* bend beneath its sway!

BOYHOOD.

Oh! blame me not, that thus I strive,
While cares and woes around me throng,
The thought of grief afar to drive,
And speed the dreary hours along—
Ask me not now to be a man,
I'd play the boy while yet I can.

O! happy, happy childhood hours!
When griefs were light, and sorrows few,
And tears resembled April showers,
Frequent and soon forgotten too—
Sweet days of pleasure, blithe and boon,
Why did ye leave my path so soon?

Well may I weep to think of all
The pleasures that my boyhood knew;
The top, the kite, the hoop, the ball,
The many loved companions too;
And best of all, the guileless joy,
That came with each delightful toy.

The pictured book, to fancy dear,
The fairy tale, which filled my eye
With many a warm and heart-wrung tear,
Too simple to suspect a lie—

How bright were these, ere yet I thought
Of all the woes by knowledge brought.

And then the gentle voice which sung
To lure me into slumber's breast,
The sweet guitar that softly rung,
Touched by a hand now gone to rest—
How precious to reflection's eye
Are all the traits of days gone by.

For I was then a happy child,
I had few thoughts of grief and care,
My dreams were blissful dreams, as wild
As e'en romance could wish to wear;
I lived on gaily in the light,
Nor felt the dark approach of night.

The racking thought of death, to me
Was then a thing almost unknown ;
I laughed away my hours in glee,
Unharrassed by a sigh or groan ;
Of harmless joy I drank my fill,
Unchecked by fears of coming ill.

Ah! top and kite, and hoop, and ball,
Your reign is now for ever o'er,
I give a last farewell to all,
Ye cannot please my spirit more—

Ye were my joys in better days,
Now ye are nothing—go your ways.

And pictured book, and fairy tale,
And sweet guitar, and lullaby,
Alas! your bright enchantments fail,
Your day of power is past and by ;
To one and all I bid adieu—
Th peace is gone that dwelt with you !

THE LAND THAT WE LIVE IN.

The land that we live in—the land that we live
in,
Oh! where is the heart does not think it more
fair,
Than the brightest of scenes to which nature
has given
Her clearest of sun and her purest of air.
Italia may boast of her evergreen bowers,
Her sky without clouds and her rose-scent-
ed breeze,
And Persia may vaunt of her gardens and flow-
ers,
But there is one spot which is better than
these,—

'Tis the land that we live in—the land that we
 live in,
 Oh! where is the heart does not think it more
 fair,
 Than the brightest of scenes to which nature
 has given
 Her clearest of sun and her purest of air.

Romantic and wild are proud Scotia's moun-
 tains,
 And fair are the plains of imperial France—
 And Egypt may tell of her groves and her
 fountains,
 And mingle the mirth of the song and the
 dance—
 The climes of the East may exhibit their trea-
 sures,
 Their palm trees may bloom and their wa-
 ters may fall—
 And music may wake to enliven their plea-
 sures,
 But there is one spot which is dearer than
 all,—
 'Tis the land that we live in—the land that we
 live in,
 Oh! where is the heart does not think it more
 fair,

Than the brightest of scenes to which nature
 has given
 Her clearest of sun and her purest of air.

THE RAINY DAY.

I love a rainy day to come,
 When I can sit secure at home,
 And calm composure find ;
 And when the storm is loud without,
 Cry, as I hear it rage about,
 Blow on, thou winter wind !

A cheerful fire, that seems to say
 What care I for a rainy day,
 An arm-chair cushioned well,
 A morning gown, a slippered foot,
 In drooping stocking clad to *boot*,
 Are things can storms repel.

In such a state I love to sit,
 And, wrapped in many a musing fit,
 Build castles in the air.
 Nay, say not 'tis an idle hour,
 I ne'er expect to have the power
 To build a *shed* elsewhere.

I always was a sorry wight,
 And yet in poverty's despite
 My draft is honoured still;
 The gems that hang on Fancy's dress,
 Are all the fortune I possess ;
 On her I draw my bill.

My fund, as few exchanges are,
 If it is never above par,
 At least is never worse—
 I keep no note of what I sell;
 The treasure's inexhaustible,
 Like Fortunatus' purse.

With this I build me splendid halls,
 I give grand dinners—have great balls,
 Make grottoes, groves, and fountains—
 Buy large estates—and think I may
 Purchase before long, in this way,
 The Alleghany mountains.

Sometimes I sport a coach and four,
 And in a short half hour or more,
 From sea to sea am twirled ;
 I travel fast, and go in style,
 And yet it costs me all the while
 No trouble in the world.

Thus musing in my elbow-chair,
 I ride upon the wings of air,
 Unthinking of the morrow;
 And though the *air* my own I call,
 I find I am no *heir* at all,
 Unless it be to sorrow.

Just then perhaps my friend will come,
 And bring me back again to home,
 My fire-side and my chair,
 And with his soft, persuasive art,
 Open the chambers of my heart,
 And take possession there.

We'll talk of days for ever o'er,
 Of *scenes* of pleasure *seen* of yore,
 When friendship's plant was young;
 We'll trace our course from year to year,
 And know the heart's warm feelings dear,
 While trembling on the tongue.

O! if beneath these dreary skies,
 There be one thing we ought to prize,
 One thing that ought to blend
 More close than others with the heart,
 And from it never, never part,
 It is a well-tried friend.

Then let the winter tempests blow—
 While such a blessing I can know,
 The winds may have their way—
 While friendship's hand and heart are nigh,
 The storm may whistle thro' the sky,
 I'll *love* a rainy day!

SUNSET CLOUDS.

Beautiful clouds! that hover round the sun,
 Like guardian spirits o'er an infant's rest,
 Spreading your crimson wings, when day is
 done,
 As though you would his glorious throne in-
 vest—
 There seems so much of solemn quietude
 About the precincts where your glories lie,
 That as I watch your forms with light imbued,
 You look to me like creatures of the sky.
 Ay! shade your gorgeous monarch's evening
 sleep,
 And drop night's curtain o'er the western sea,
 And while the glooms of darkness onward creep,
 Thus soothe my bosom to serenity.
 May such bright scene attend my setting sun,
 Be mine such quiet when my day is done.

FOR AN ALBUM.

O sweet is memory's balmy breath,
 For it comes like perfume across the soul,
 And wins from the withering touch of death,
 Worth which had sunk in his stern control.

'Tis like the stream in the wilderness lone,
 Which with mystic spell from its fountain
 springs,
 Turning whatever it laves to stone,
 And giving duration to fading things.

The rose that grows in the garden wild,
 And flings its odours along the air,
 Is summer's sweetest and frailest child,
 And dies in the midst of her tenderest care.

But memory, like that pencil'd art,
 Which bids the hues of the rose survive,
 Can gather those things which are dear to the
 heart,
 In their pristine colours again to thrive.

O! sweet to the soul is her balmy breath—
 And give thine, lady, on me to blow,
 That cherished by thee, I may live in death,
 And yet survive when my heart is low.

MUSIC.

O! how sweet is music's tone,
 When it speaks of pleasures fled,
 Friends our early youth had known,
 Parted from us—distant—dead—
 When it tells of buried joys,
 Smitten like the blossomed tree,
 Which the winter wind destroys,
 Ere its brightest bloom we see.

Then, like moonlight on the deep,
 O'er the heart it softly steals,
 Bidding it with tears to weep
 All the ecstasy it feels.
 On the soul which grief had known,
 Thus a soothing balm is shed—
 O! how sweet is music's tone,
 When it speaks of pleasures fled.

 TO MY LUTE.

I cannot wake thy strings, sweet lute !
 As once they rung in days of yore ;
 Nay, let them lie for ever mute,
 Since he who woke them is no more.

That master-hand that made them oft
 To love's own rapturous language thrill,
 And bade their music soar aloft,
 That master-hand is cold and still.

The heart which taught its pulse to play,
 Was ardent, generous, kind, and true;
 And still, unwearied, day by day,
 Would friendship's holy bond renew.

The morning's cloudless sun arose,
 And saw us still together thrown,
 But soon that heart's warm current froze,
 And left me in the world alone.

A parting gift, this witching lyre
 Into my trembling hand he gave,
 And bade me still preserve its fire,
 When he should slumber in the grave.

Oft had I seen his fingers fly
 Along its chords in lively play,
 Oft had I heard its measures die
 Like fairy music far away.

Oft had I listened to its tones
 Poured like the tempest loud and strong,
 Oft had I caught its dying moans,
 As 'twere the very soul of song.

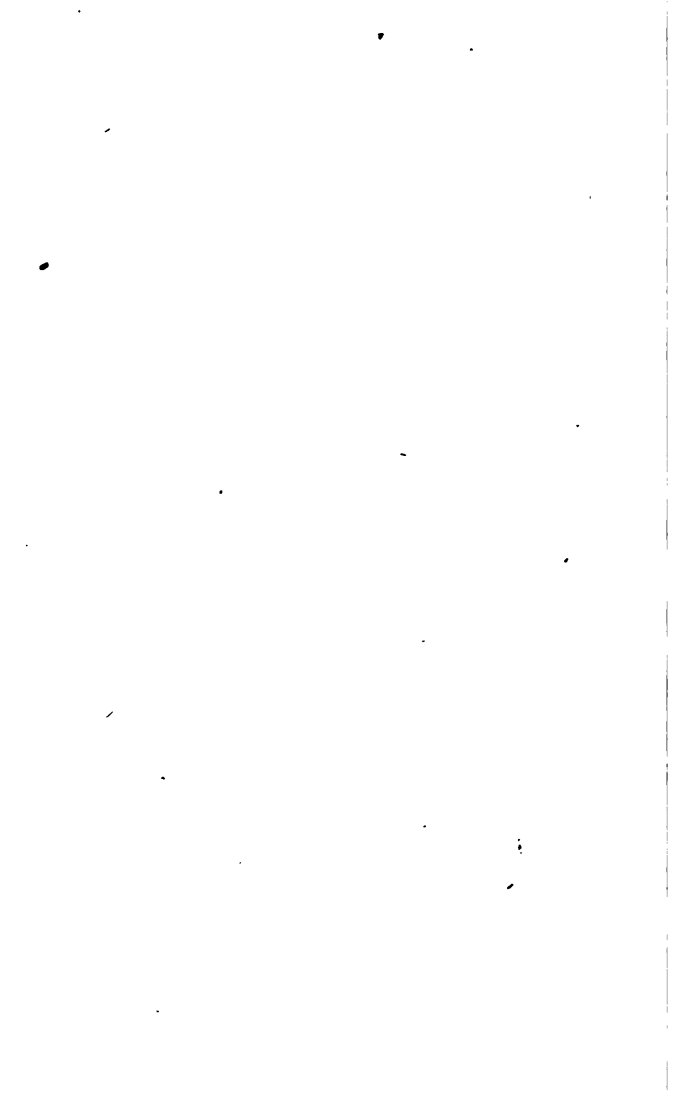
Those rapturous moments, won from time,
Still does remembrance o'er me bring,
And thoughts arise from Lethe's clime—
Sweet lute ! I cannot wake thy string.

I have no flame to warm the lay;
E'en what I had is quenched in tears ;
And this weak hand, which fails to play,
Is not the hand of former years.

Chained to the dull and dreary oar,
Thro' care's rough waves my course I ply;
They have no music in their roar,
And in their flow no melody.

In the bleak desert where they stray,
There grow few vigorous plants of thought,
Imagination fades away,
And fancy withers into nought.

Yet now to grasp thee, all I've lost
Back to my soul can almost bring ;
But master hands thy chords have cross'd—
Sweet lute ! I must not wake thy string !



TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE.

In these specimens, the translator has endeavoured to preserve the spirit of the text as much as was consistent with the nature of English poetry; and it has been his object, in most of the Odes, to maintain the measure of the original Latin verse, as far as the different structure of the two languages would admit. For explanatory notes, illustrative of the mythological and historical allusions, reference is made to Dugdale's excellent expurgata edition.

Translations from Horace.

BOOK I. ODE 1. TO MÆCENAS.

Mæcenas, atavis edite regibus—

Descendant of a royal line,
The patron loved of me and mine,
My honour and my best reward!
To thee my thanks I thus accord.

Some take delight their wheels to roll,
With wondrous skill, around the goal,
Where in Olympic race the meed
To him who conquers is decreed,
Believing, when they gain the prize,
They equal those who rule the skies.

One joys to find the fickle crowd
Vaunting his name with tumults loud—
Another smiles well pleased to see
His rich and well-stored granary—
A third delights each day to toil
In turning his paternal soil—

Not even all the wealth immense
Which Attalus could once dispense,
Could these entice to leave their home,
And plough the ocean's path of foam.

The merchant, when the breakers roar
Along the bleak Icarian shore,
Praises the shade and silence sweet
That in his rural villa meet ;
But when the tempest has passed by,
Impatient then of poverty,
He fits his shattered barks again,
To seek his fortune on the main.

And there is one, who takes delight
To stretch his limbs from noon till night,
And quaff the goblet full and free,
Beneath the wild Arbutus tree—
Or where in gentle murmurs mount
The waters of a sacred fount.

Some find their chief delight in arms,
In battle's din and wars alarms,
And love to hear the mingled swell
Of clarion's note and trumpet's knell—
Though, in their lonely halls around,
Fond mothers tremble at the sound.

When, at the blood-hound's furious cry,
 The fearful stag is seen to fly—
 Or when the boar, with prowling tread,
 Breaks through his toils, securely spread—
 Forth hies the hunter's manly form,
 Alike unmindful of the storm,
 And of the young and lovely bride
 Who mourns his absence from her side.

An ivy wreath, the poet's prize,
 Would lift Mæcenas to the skies.—
 The cooling groves and sylvan choir
 Of nymphs and satyrs me inspire
 With feelings lofty, light and proud,
 Above the low and vulgar crowd;
 When sweet Euterpe brings her flute,
 And on her soft and Lesbian lute
 The hymning Muse will deign to play
 A sacred, wild and solemn lay.—
 But should'st *thou* deem that I belong
 Among the sons of lyric song,
 Then—then indeed, my fame shall rise
 On thy approval to the skies.—

BOOK I. ODE 4.
TO LUCIUS SEXTUS.

Solvitur acris hiems grata vice veris et Favo—

The balmy spring, with all its zephyrs bland,
Once more has ended surly winter's reign,—
The ships resign their stations on the land,
And spread their sheets to skim the distant
main.

Forth from their stalls the flocks delighted hie,
The heavy ploughman leaves his fire-side
mirth,

And frosts that used along the fields to lie,
No longer glitter o'er the sprouting earth.

At rising of the moon, fair Venus leads

To wanton on the plain her sportive band,
While nymphs and graces dance along the
meads;

And Cyclops wait on Vulcan's stern com-
mand.—

Now let us wreath our well-anointed hair

With such green garlands as the myrtle
yields,

Or weave a crown of flowrets fresh and fair,

The first-fruit offering of the softened fields.

Now in the groves, his rite to celebrate,

For Pan—for Pan a sacrifice prepare.—
 Death strikes as freely at the palace gate,
 As when he shakes the peasant's humble lair.
 O! happy Sextus! the brief date we own
 Forbids fond hopes in distant seasons laid.
 Even now perhaps dark night is coming on,
 When Pluto's drear abode must be surveyed,
 And shades be thy companions. Then no more
 Shalt thou decide the master of the feast,
 Nor to young Lycidas thy praises pour.—

* * * * *

BOOK I. ODE 22.

TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus—

The man, who walks in Virtue's path,
 And never knows the burning wrath
 Of conscience in his breast,
 Needs not the aid of bow nor dart,
 Nor poisoned shaft, to guard a heart
 That feels itself at rest.

Nay—though on Lybia's scorching sand,
 Or frosty Caucasus he stand,

Where snows on snows are thrown—
 Or where the famed Hydaspes flows,
 A proud security he knows,
 Which vice can never own.

But late, while thus to Lallia* playing,
 Too deep into the forest straying,
 A ravenous wolf came by—
 More fierce than those Apulia yields,
 Or those that range Numidian fields,
 Where herds of lions lie.

A beast so hideous and so grim,
 'Twas fearful e'en to look on him—
 Yet, though unarmed I stood,
 He made no offer to come near,
 But, as attacked by sudden fear,
 Fled back into the wood.—

Dismiss me to a land of snow,
 Where kindly zephyrs never blow,
 And trees no foliage bear,—
 Where fogs on fogs perpetual rise,
 And Jove, from black and angry skies,
 Ne'er breathes one wholesome air.

* I have here made a trifling alteration in the name, as that used in the original would be very unharmonious in English verse.

Place me beneath the torrid zone,
 Where never habitant was known,
 The wandering wretch to greet,
 Yet still my Lallia's charming smile
 And angel tongue will there beguile,
 And make the desert sweet.

BOOK I. ODE 24.
 TO VIRGIL.

Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus—

Why should I still my bosom's rising swell,
 In mourning thus a friend beloved so well?
 O! sweet Melpomene! whom Jove's decree
 Has given a voice of witching melody,
 And magic skill to touch the pensive lyre,
 With solemn strains my mournful song in-
 spire.

And must Quintilius sleep in endless night?
 Whose spirit was adorned with beauties bright,
 Unshaken faith to justice near allied,
 And yielding modesty and virtue tried.
 When shall we find his like?—His sun has set,
 And good men see its sinking with regret;

But none, my friend, that mournful setting see
 As cause of lamentation, more than thee.
 Alas! thy friendship and thy prayers are vain;
 They cannot bring Quintilius back again;
 For the great Gods, who lent him for a day,
 Retained the undoubted right to take away.
 Could'st thou the harp attune in such sweet
 mood

As Orpheus used to wake the insensate wood,
 Thou would'st not charm the life again to play
 In the dull frame from which it passed away,
 When once relentless Mercury, ever late
 To listen prayer, or break the bond of fate,
 Has with his wand, in dread and terror view'd,
 Amid his gloomy flock the shade pursued.—
 Hard lot and dreary—but those ills which care
 Cannot remove, we may, thro' patience, bear.

BOOK I. ODE 34.

AGAINST THE EPICUREANS.

Parcus Deorum cultor et infrequens—

When wild and thoughtless, I pursued
 The errors of a frantic creed,
 Unmindful of my surest good,

I rendered not the Gods their meed—
 But now I quit the restless main,
 And trace my better course again.

For I have seen the lightnings play,
 Rending the dusky clouds asunder,
 When he, the Father of the day,
 Drove his bright coursers on in thunder,
 And bade his flaming chariot fly
 Along the pathway of the sky.

And often when the sun is bright,
 And not a cloud is seen to move,
 The rattle of his rapid flight
 Is heard along the courts above—
 The solid mass of earth around,
 Shuddered and trembled at the sound.

The wandering rivers quaked with fear,
 Along their deeply channel'd road,
 Even dark Tænaius shook to hear,
 And Styx in troubled murmurs flowed;
 And Atlas, far extended, saw
 His distant borders shake with awe.

For God can bring the mighty low
 At his omnipotent command,

And make the great and lofty bow
 Beneath his high and ruling hand—
 Exalt the humble and the poor,
 And elevate the most obscure.—

Such will capricious Fortune guide
 Aloft to her aspiring ground,
 For 'tis her pleasure and her pride
 To whirl her magic wheel around—
 To cast her votaries to and fro,
 To sink the high, and lift the low.

BOOK I. ODE 38.
 TO HIS BOY.

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus—

I hate the show of Persian pride,
 And garlands from the linden tree
 Are not with any thought allied
 That yields a moment's joy to me.

Then seek not, boy, the sickly rose
 That winter in her lap receives,
 But let the wreath thy care bestows
 Be nothing but the myrtle's leaves.

So, when beneath my clustering bower
 Of wild and over-arching vine,
 I pass the social festive hour,
 And bid the flowing goblet shine,—

For thee, then serving, and for me
 Quaffing the bowl with calm content,
 A simple myrtle wreath will be
 The most befitting ornament.

BOOK II. ODE 9.
 TO TITUS VALGIUS.

Non semper imbres nubibus hispidos—

The gathering clouds not always yield
 Their treasures to the cultured field;
 Nor do the furious tempests rave
 For ever on the Caspian wave.

Armenia does not proudly rear
 Her shining glaciers through the year,
 Nor do the North winds ever tear
 And lay the forest's honours bare.

But thou, my Valgius, wilt not cease
 The mournful strains that break thy peace,
 And wilt indulge the anxious thrill
 For dear departed Mystes still.

Nor does thy rooted grief decline
 When Vesperus begins to shine,
 Or when, ere day has yet begun,
 She flies before the rising sun.—

When Nestor's darling son was slain,
 He did not unconsolated remain ;
 Nor memory of their lovely boy
 From Priam's household banish joy.

Then leave these sad and mournful lays,
 And let us sing to Cæsar's praise,—
 Or of the Tigris, wrapped in snow,
 Or proud Euphrates, taught to flow

With smoother waves and gentler course,
 And less of Freedom's native force,
 Since Conquest o'er its billows strode,
 And made its path her chosen road.

And let us then, to close the song,
 Sing of the restless Scythian throng,
 Who in their narrow realms are closed,
 And dare not pass the bounds imposed.

BOOK II. ODE 14.
TO POSTUMUS.

Eheu ! fugaces, Postume, Postume—

How sure, Postumus, and how fleet
Our moments glide away !
Thy piety can never cheat
Age of his wrinkles—nor defeat
Fell Death's unconquered sway.

No—should three hundred bulls be slain
At ruthless Pluto's shrine,
He would the sacrifice disdain,
And Geryon yet with Styx restrain,
And Tityus still confine.

All that partake of earth must sail
That darksome river o'er—
Our rank in life will nought avail,
Peasant and prince alike must quail
Upon that gloomy shore.

In vain we fly the battle's din—
In vain we shun the sea—
In vain the care that shuts us in,
When bleak autumnal winds begin
To whistle o'er the lea.

For we at last our path must trace
 On black Cocytus' soil ;
 And see Danaus' bloody race,
 And Sisyphus, in fruitless chace,
 Pursue his endless toil.

Country and home, and partner dear,
 Must then relinquished be ;
 And midst the plants that flourish here,
 None shall attend their master's bier,
 Except the cypress tree.

Your spendthrift heir will waste the wine,
 Now kept with so much care—
 And stain your floors—nor e'er repine—
 With better draughts than those which shine
 Where priests the banquet share.

BOOK II. ODE 16.

TO GROSPHUS.

Otium Divos rogat in patenti—

He who directs his swelling sail
 O'er Ægean waves, at night's dim noon,
 When storms go forth, and dark clouds veil
 The radiant moon,

When not a star is seen to move
 Along the heaven, whose course he knows,
 Prays to the reigning Gods above
 For calm repose.

Repose—the dearest, fondest thought
 By Mede or Thracian ever told—
 Repose—a prize that is not bought
 With rank or gold.

For rank or gold cannot erase
 The tumults of the troubled mind—
 And care, in gilded halls, a place
 Will always find.

Far better is his humble state,
 Who on his frugal table sees
 The salt in his paternal plate,
 And finds it please—

Around whose bed wild thoughts of gain
 And sordid avarice do not creep,
 Whom fear of loss cannot restrain
 From tranquil sleep.

Why do *we* form such great designs,
 Whose life is but a little day ?

Why wander where the bright sun shines
 With warmer ray ?

Who is there, flying from his home,
 Can thus escape himself and ill ?
 Ah ! none;—alas! where'er we roam,
 Care follows still.

It rides with us across the sea,
 And makes us there its destined prey,
 And e'en in martial revelry
 Pursues our way.

Swifter than is the stag that hies
 On nimble foot o'er hill and dale—
 More rapid than the cloud that flies
 The orient gale.

A placid mind disdains to bring
 From future scenes a dark alloy,
 But sweetens every bitter thing
 With present joy.

For perfect bliss 'tis vain to seek
 Amid the cares and toils of time—
 Death sudden blanched Achilles' cheek
 In manhood's prime ;

And good Tithonus left to live
 Till life was dreg'd and joys were few;
 And time perhaps to me may give,
 And hold from you.

A hundred flocks of sheep that feed
 Among your hills may now be found,
 And cattle of Sicilian breed
 Are lowing round.

Fit for the yoke, the sprightly mare
 Utters aloud her joyous cry;
 While you the purple mantle wear
 Of deepest dye.

For me, I owe indulgent Fate
 A breathing of the soul of song,—
 A little farm—and heart to hate
 The vulgar throng.

BOOK III. ODE 18.
 TO FAUNUS,

Faune, Nympharum fugientum amator—

O Faunus! thou who tak'st delight
 To chase the smiling nymphs away, .

When thou shalt take thy winter flight,
Hurt not my fields and herds I pray.

For every year a kid has died
Upon the altars reared to thee,
And from the cup at Venus' side,
My hand has poured libations free.

When dark December sweeps the plain,
And joyous strains to thee are sung,
With lightsome glee the village swain
Rambles the verdant fields among.

The herds repose in grassy meads,
The cattle wanton on the lea,
And midst the wolves the lambkin feeds
Safe, while he has a guard in thee.

- Along thy way the forests strew
Their seared and falling foliage round,
And sylvan bands the dance renew
Along the level, leafy ground.

BOOK IV. ODE 7.

TO TORQUATUS.

—
Diffugere nives : redeunt jam gramina campis—
—

The snows are gone—the fields again look gay;
 The trees resume their green;
 Nature is changed, the rivers shrink away,
 And glide their banks between.
 The unveiled graces lead in nimble dance
 Their sister nymphs along ;
 The changes of the year—the swift advance
 Of winged hours that throng
 Around the dusky close of smiling day,
 In full and gay career,
 Forewarn us we must not expect to play
 Our part for ever here.
 The chill of Winter melts before the breath
 Of Zephyr's genial wing;
 And Summer follows, with her flowery wreath,
 Close on the balmy Spring.
 But soon she yields to Autumn, come to throw
 Her fruits along the plain—
 And then, advancing heavily and slow,
 Winter returns again.
 Moons, waning, are renewed; but when we tread
 The gloomy paths which lead

Down to the dwelling of the mighty dead,
We thence no more recede.
We know not if the Gods will let us share
Their sun and light again.
'Tis only that in pleasure spent, your heir
Of yours cannot obtain.
When death, Torquatus, has once laid his hand
On your devoted head,
And Minos issues his supreme command,
To house you with the dead,
Neither your rank, nor piety, nor zeal,
Will then have power to save,
Nor all the eloquence your soul can feel,
To snatch you from the grave.
For e'en Diana could not wake again
Hippolytus undone,
Nor the much-loving Theseus break the chain
That bound Ixion's son.

THE END.

